



PUNCH

OR
THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCII No. 5272

March 18 1942

Charivaria

ONE explanation of HITLER's vow never to return to German soil until Russia is beaten is that he has received many messages reading "Don't come back and all will be forgiven."

A woman recently sat on a jury which included her husband. We understand that he warned the other ten that this might happen.

All ranks below that of general in the German Army have their letters censored. Generals are allowed to inform their next of kin.

When an autographed picture of Herr VON PAPEN was put up for sale in Germany for a war charity the signature was discovered to be a forgery. This seems to us conclusive proof that he *did* write it.



It is untrue that HITLER's spring offensive includes a touching ode to the Russians.

"Don't be surprised if the baker's boy delivers the joint of meat you ordered," says a daily. But it *would* be astonishing. Even the butcher's boy doesn't do this.

"There is no reason why junior cricket at least should not flourish in the coming season," says a sporting writer. After all, lamp-posts have not been requisitioned.



"A tin of sardines may travel hundreds of miles by rail before it reaches your tea-table," says a writer. Throughout the journey the fish are packed like passengers.

Music from loud-speakers accompanies Russian attacks on the Eastern Front. Germans are demanding more woollen comforts to protect their ears from the blast.

"'Banquo' Stride was a player of remarkable energy, and indeed his nickname came from the ability to 'pop up' like the ghost of Macbeth where and when least expected."—*Southern Paper*. Here, for instance.

Salute to Beavers

"The need for economy in shaving-soap, in razor-blades, and in time, has led many men to brave the world in bristling beards."

Press Article.

What men are these with rough unrazored cheeks
As shaggy as a yak's is?
Their faces launched a thousand Navy Weeks,
And put the "ax" to Axis.

A correspondent says he enjoyed eating swan recently, although it was very tough. A filip to his appetite was the thought that this may have been the very bird who so obviously sneered at him back in 1937 when he got into difficulties with a punt pole at Henley.





"Now THIS form you have to leave blank and return to me by April 16th."

Letters to a Conscript Father

MY DEAR FATHER,—I wonder where you are now, and how you like being an airman. I expect you've got to your Recruits' Centre and have already been issued with your mug and towel. If so, don't worry about not having got your uniform yet, because you'll get that any day now, and I advise you anyway to enjoy wearing civvy clothes while you can, even though it is a bit trying to have to march all over the place wearing flannels and a felt hat.

Bairstow (who is helping me again) asks me if you are very fat, and I've told him no. At any rate, if you haven't got fatter since I was home in October you aren't, really. I must explain that people who are very fat sometimes have to wait a very long

time for their uniforms. Where I had my training there were two men who still hadn't got theirs when the Course finished; one of them was very fat and the other was about eight feet tall. They just wore dark office suits and R.A.F. caps, looking very comical. We called them "Pride and Prejudice" because they were always together, of course, for company.

But I think you ought to get yours all right.

Bairstow says it was a mistake to tell you in my last letter not to bother to let me know which Recruits' Centre you were sent to. He says that people need to be given the griff about Recruits' Centres more than any other Stations, chiefly because of the food arrangements. Not that you can do

much about the food, of course, except leave it, but it's always a good thing to be prepared.

Actually, things are pretty difficult for the people who run Recruits' Centres, because they have civilians pouring in off every train and none of them stays there for more than about four days, so it's not much use treating them humanely; you would never get your outlay back, so to speak. The rule is, Bairstow thinks, that they have instructions to keep the men alive until they can be packed off to their Initial Training Stations. So there's nothing to worry about, because they'll do that, never fear.

Now, we don't want to panic you or anything, Dad, but just *don't* expect too much in the cookhouse wherever you are. It will probably be in a defunct garage or a derelict brewery, where the cookhouse corporal will be working at considerable pressure and without really good facilities. There are two good rules to remember: One, don't say anything to the cookhouse corporal no matter *what* he says to you; Two, if you queue up at the sort of back-stage end of the cookhouse, do stop yourself watching how the washing-up is done. Of course when they're very busy, you sometimes *have* to watch it as you go in, because it's probably your plate that's being washed up, and then if you aren't holding your hand out when it's passed to you, you'll go on a charge for dropping it. Just one other thing is—if there is a choice of plate—enamel or pot—take the pot one, otherwise you'll find you've eaten more enamel than anything, which may mean you have to go sick, and I've told you what that means.

I think a word about cookhouses in general might not be out of place here. There is just a chance of course that you may go to a Station where they have civvy billets and doting landladies—I have heard that there are such spots—but you're much more likely to go to a self-contained camp where you have your meals a thousand at a time (a thousand men, I mean, not meals).

Now what had I better say...? Oh, yes—Bairstow says to tell you about your irons. Well, you'll have had your eating-irons by now, I expect, and I warn you to guard them with your life. Lose your ground-sheet or your tin hat or your boots, rubber, knee—you can get on well enough without any of those, but once you lose your knife, fork or spoon you might just as well resign yourself to death from starvation. Well, not quite *that*, perhaps, but if you'd seen the Central Bandsman I sat opposite to at dinner yesterday you'd have understood what

I mean. He was trying to eat some rather watery custard with a small penknife and a tuning-fork.

The thing to remember is that there's always somebody who's just lost their own eating-irons, and if you happen to put yours down and turn away to wash your mug under the tap—well, it's quite easy for them to mistake them for their missing ones. Anyway, it often seems to happen. It's always done very quickly—I suppose they're so glad to get them back again that they run off to celebrate.

The thing I lost more quickly than anything was an Airman's Box, the other day. You'll get an Airman's Box, I expect, if you go into a camp—they are enormous heavy things that just fit under a bed. Well, when I moved into Building 7 here last Wednesday I managed to find an Airman's Box in one of the empty rooms, and I lugged it along and put it under my bed. Then I went round the other side of the partition to shut the door, and when I came back it had gone. There was only Bairstow in the room at the time. (Bairstow says that Corporal Flegg was there too, but I never saw him. In any case, you can't do anything about Corporals.)

But about cookhouse procedure. Don't be put off by the smell *outside* the cookhouse, because Bairstow and I have both come to the conclusion that that's nothing to do with the food *inside*. It's just that they boil the bones down somewhere nearby. And for heaven's sake, *be rough*. This will get you bigger and quicker helpings. When you queue up the stairs it's a good idea to scream very violently, "Over to your left!" If you do this with conviction everybody will think you're a Corporal and crowd to one side to let you by. They can't see, because there are never any lights on cookhouse stairs, so you'll be quite safe. Then you'll get served quickly and you'll be out in time to fill up with odds and ends in the N.A.A.F.I.

This is a tremendous subject to try to give you all the griff on, and I haven't time to finish it now, because Bairstow and I are going to the Camp Cinema. (They've got a film that neither of us has seen—we were too young when it was first released.) The main thing is to push and shout and keep a tight hold on your irons. It's useful too to be able to tell by sense of smell what the menu is; then you'll know whether you want any Oojah Sauce with it and get hold of the bottle before it gets too sticky.

Your loving son, PETER.

P.S.—Let me know if you get your uniform with the other men.

Post-War Plans

"WHEN this 'ere war's finished," Bill said,
 "If we ain't all dead,
 Most of the crowd's all for quittin' the sea.
 Joe's goin' in for a chip shop or fish, maybe;
 Young Charlie's talkin' about a motor garage,
 And Bert's idea's mate of a cement barge
 So's 'e can get 'ome once in a while for tea;
 Ginger says 'e's goin' in for a little place down Essex way
 Where 'e can set back quiet an' watch the 'ens lay . . .
 But me—well, I'm goin' on sixty-six,
 And you can't learn an old dog new tricks,
 So I'm goin' to find
 The fust Jerry I can and kick 'is be'ind,
 And then—well, seems to me
 I can't do much better than go back to sea . . ."

C. F. S.



Out of My Litter-Bag

SIR,—Cannot the dispute which seems to have raged so long and so fruitlessly about the relative value of brains and character be settled very simply if we ask ourselves "Would King Alfred have been more likely to defeat the Danes at Edington if he had had more character and less brains or vice versa?" and if not, what does this seem to indicate? In other words, are not there two equally priceless strains in our national heritage, no more and no less than opposite facets of the same shining jewel, the one being useless without the other, and the second equally negligible unaccompanied by the first? The head master of a great public school in the North of England, which shall be nameless and was so even then, used to say quite frequently "Show me the boy, and I will show you the man," which sounded very silly at the time, but *mutatis mutandis* and other things being equal can surely be applied to the problem at hand in this hour of our history. My father went out duck-shooting with him at times in the bitterest weather from Buswell Priory, and I well remember how I used to notice the earliest aconite in the hedgerows, and the first change of the chiff-chaff's song, so I am not without personal knowledge of the subject under discussion. Probably the proof of the pudding is in the eating. I enclose my card.

Yours faithfully,
TEMPORIS ACTI.

DEAR SIR,—The only fault that can reasonably be found with our present war-time leaders is that they have not taught the general public sufficiently well how to destroy. It must surely be the experience of every citizen daily to be confronted by some large building—a factory, a power station, a telephone exchange, a gas-works, or a railway station—and to ask himself "In the event of the sudden invasion I am told to scorch my earth. How can I shatter this great thing to pieces when I have no dynamite in my



"Dear Sirs, we regret that owing to changing conditions in this topsy-turvy world . . ."

hands?" Would it not be well if every private person was permitted to carry a sufficient quantity of high explosives to be of service to his country, and would not a series of popular lectures on sabotage, accompanied by practical demonstrations, be more useful than arguments about Post War Planning and Reconstruction? I propose that a Minister of Demolition should be appointed with or without portfolio to inspire the public with the spirit of self-sacrificing annihilation, which has already reached the dimensions of an Imperial problem.

Yours obediently,
ROTARIAN (Cricklewood).

SIR,—I have a small unwanted metal stove, too large to go into my dust-bin, too heavy to carry to the Town Hall or the nearest Post Office, which I have repeatedly offered to every Government Department in turn in order to assist our war-effort. So far no one has come to remove it. Is this kind of procrastination likely to outwit the Hun?

Yours, etc.,
ARBUTHNOT WETHERHEAD (Penge).

Loddenham Hall, Yorks.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In the act of dismounting a few days ago from a public vehicle, I was about to deposit my ticket in the receptacle appointed for the purpose when a jerk occasioned by the carelessness of the driver caused it to fall from my hand. What was my dismay to see it precipitated upon the platform and thence whisked by a gust of wind into the roadway! It would not be impossible surely to assist the paper salvage campaign by abolishing bus-tickets altogether, and allowing the conductor to register the appropriate fare on his or her punching-machine, at the same time making a *chalk-mark* (easily erased afterwards) to denote the correct fare on the hat, bag or clothing of the passenger! It should be remembered in this connection that the whole legal position of tickets is *highly anomalous*, those issued on road vehicles being apparently the private property (and therefore involving the personal responsibility) of the passenger, whilst those issued by the railways (including the Underground) revert by right to the Company; nor has the ownership of the portions cut or clipped from the ticket by the guard, conductor or inspector (now capable of launching many thousands of shells against the enemy) ever been satisfactorily settled by a court of law!

Yours very truly,
EMILY PEABODY, O.B.E.

SIR,—I entered my favourite restaurant rather late yesterday, and was informed that nothing was left on the menu but fried smoked cod, brussels sprouts and potatoes. While I was regaling myself on this sorry meal, another customer entered and received a whispered intimation from the elderly Hebe in charge that "she had kept him a nice portion of filleted sole." A similar instance of favouritism was the bad fortune of a friend of mine only a few days earlier. Is this "blacketeering"?

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
PRO BONO PUBLICO.

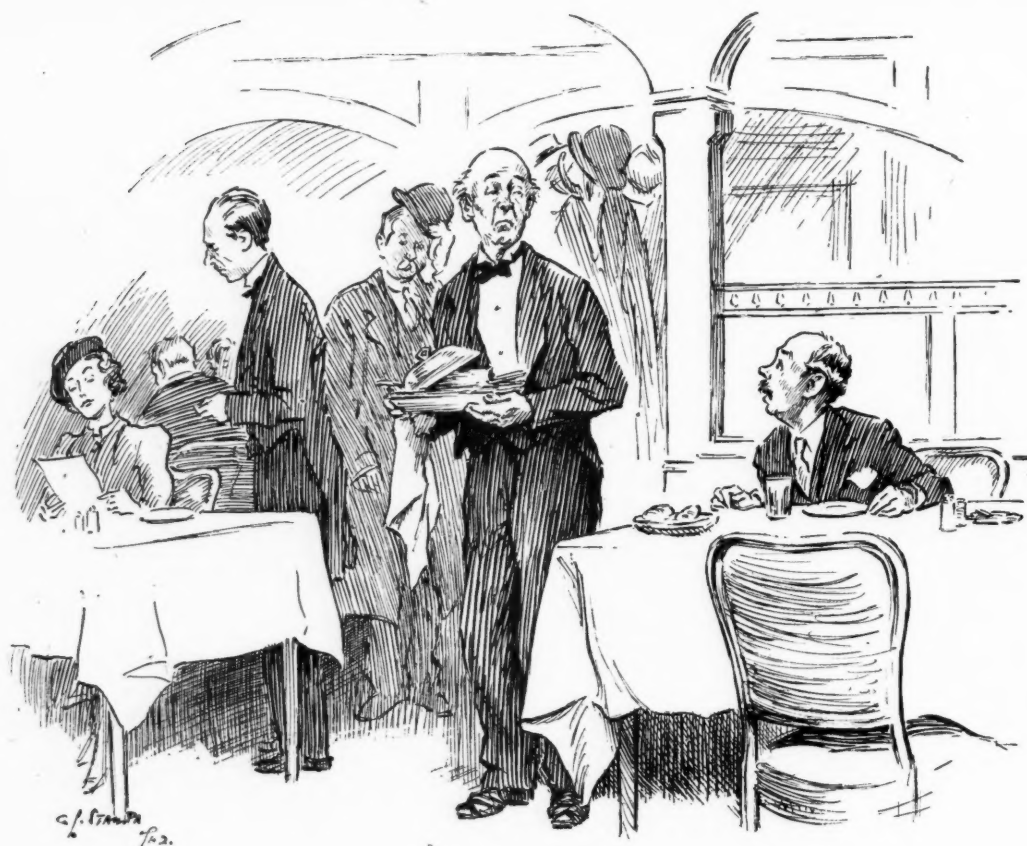
We wouldn't know.

EVOE.



THE FARCE AT RIOM

"Is there a Mickey Mouse, Monsieur?"



"Promise not to laugh, waiter—but have you any cheese?"

Observation

PRINGLE-WATT cornered me in the staff-room one morning. "Don't look at your watch," he said, "but tell me—are the numerals on it Roman or Arabic?" The question did not cause me any astonishment. I knew my Pringle-Watt. I told him that they were Roman if he wanted to know. He nodded. "Now another thing—is there a seconds finger on your watch?" I said that I supposed that there was. Then he ordered me to produce the watch and his eyes narrowed in malicious delight as he pointed out that the numerals were Arabic and that there was no seconds finger.

"I thought so," he said triumphantly, "complete lack of observation, unscientific mind, all muddle and complacency." I was, I confess,

somewhat shaken by this unexpected attack, but I rallied. "Don't be an ass!" I said. "Why on earth *should* I know whether the fingers are Roman or Arabic? Would it make me a better French master, father or citizen?" "No," he sneered, "careful observation and a retentive memory mean nothing—much. It's only that these things are supposed to distinguish human beings from apes and lunatics." "Look here," I said, "before you become abusive perhaps you will tell me how many buttons there are on your waistcoat and how many steps there are up to the chemilab." He gave me the answers so promptly and with such assurance that I knew he was right, although I did of course check up on his figures. He then added to my humiliation by asking me what was the colour of

matron's stockings that morning. I mentioned most of the colours of the rainbow and my face must have registered them, but he shook his head in supreme contempt and finally informed me that as a matter of fact matron had gone bare-legged for a month or more.

All that morning I was troubled. Was my mental ability subnormal? Could it be that my examination successes had been horrible flukes? Was my M.A. (Hons. French) a mere mask to conceal a mind of singular ineptitude? I sought solace in Cartwright. I repeated Pringle-Watt's questions and received answers as woefully wrong as mine had been. Next I tackled Charteris, and Cartwright interrogated Bigott. Soon the whole staff was involved. For some

weeks every break and every lunch-hour became an ordeal. Everybody questioned everybody else. The atmosphere was charged with suspicion. Sometimes we stared rudely at each other while our lips moved silently in the attempt to memorize the particulars of each other's dress. Against my better and more patriotic judgment I discarded for a time my comfortable but spotted flannels and my dicky front and wore the garments which I reserved normally for founders' days.

During this trying period my wife was tireless in her assistance. She would sit through the long evenings, paper in hand, ever ready to correct a slip as I recited the numbers of Johns and Williams in the various forms, the numbers of cracked tiles in the cloak-rooms, light-fittings in the hall, pictures in the corridors, etc. I made progress and acquitted myself well in innumerable engagements.

But not so well as Pringle-Watt. He remained incontestably the most observant of us all. He reigned in the staff-room and greeted his courtiers with a *moi je suis tout* look, infuriating to behold.

Yet how are the mighty fallen!

One day we heard that Pringle-Watt was in trouble with the Inland Revenue Commissioners. It appeared that there had been some slight inaccuracy in his income-tax return. The particular error has never been divulged, but it was said that P.-W. had been labouring for years under the delusion that he was supporting five children instead of three.

Nuit Blanche

"DEAR, I've been most anxious to see you. Not that one isn't always delighted to see you, and you've been more than kind coming backwards and forwards ever since the first moment I was allowed visitors. It reminds me of when a dear but distant relative of mine many years ago was advised to take a long rest quite away from home for the sake of her nerves. My grandmother used to go out twice a week in one of the dear old-fashioned trams and sit with her, although the poor creature quite screamed at the sight of her and used expressions that my grandmother never would repeat, except to my grandfather, who was of course an Army man to whom nothing was unknown. My grandmother simply said: 'I consider it a duty and shall continue to perform it, come rack come

rope.' And so she did until the very end."

"How very interesting! But ought you to tire yourself by talking, Miss Littlemug?"

"Don't, I beg of you, make me laugh. As I explain to the nurse daily, and indeed more than daily, nothing—nothing on this earth—can tire me more completely than just lying here. I often think I shall lose my reason. And that, dear, is exactly what I wanted to talk to you about. You realize that my nights are *not nights at all*? Simply a question of lying wide awake, going slowly mad, from ten o'clock to seven."

"But couldn't they—"

"Don't think me unkind, dear, if I ask you not to interrupt me. I can bear a great deal, but not *everything*—not everything in the world. That, I feel, would be asking too much. What I want to know is this: Has there, or has there not, been a book called *Voyage autour de ma chambre*? Just plain Yes or No."

"Then, Yes, Miss Littlemug."

"I thought as much. What I propose to do is to write something on the same lines, from the modern angle—and also of course from the angle of utter physical and moral prostration. *Voyage autour de ma* whatever-the-French-for-pillow-is, I may call it. Because that's what it amounts to. First one side and then the other. And *all* the old methods gone by the board, thanks to this war."

"What old methods, Miss Littlemug?"

"Dear, how can one count sheep nowadays? It brings the whole problem of rationing to the mind, and besides, they're sure to be jumping into a field that's already sown with potato-seed or carrots or something. And thinking of *any* field makes one think of rabbits and what quantities and quantities of them there used to be, even rushing in and out of the garden and eating the flowers—and now, as I always say, Alice, where art thou? Absolutely nowhere at all, and certainly not in the shops or markets."

"A very dear friend of mine—I doubt whether you've met her but you'd remember her if you had, she'd be quite remarkable-looking but for a most distressing squint—well, she suggested that I should try to bring the whole thing up to date by counting evacuees getting out of a train. I may tell you, dear, that it very nearly cost

me what little life and reason the doctors have left me. What with making sure that they all had their gas-masks, and then suddenly realizing that one hadn't arranged for anybody to meet them, and feeling very doubtful whether they were really getting *into* the train or *out* of the train, and in any case where was the train going to and would it ever get there, I simply succeeded in sending my temperature right up again and throwing the whole of the bed-clothes on to the floor."

"Miss Littlemug, how terrible! I believe a good plan is to try to relax completely and make the mind a blank."

"Yes, dear, that may be so with some people. I don't say I haven't tried it. I've lain here, relaxing tooth and nail, and exercising all the will-power I possess, which I have been told on good authority is by no means inconsiderable, in order not to move a muscle, until on one occasion the night-nurse, coming in unexpectedly, actually thought it was catalepsy, I believe."

"But the mind, dear, is not to be commanded in the same way, and my mind has always, from a child upwards, been particularly active. Our dear old doctor at home once said to my mother when I was barely three years old: 'Mrs. Littlemug,' he said, 'mark my words, if that child should ever have congestion of the brain it will go hard with her.' So that there can be no question whatever of my mind being a blank. Ever, or in any circumstances."

"Then could you—I'm sure it's very difficult—but *could* you try to think of something unexciting?"

"Dear, it's a most peculiar thing, but although there's nothing—nothing on earth, I think I may say—that my mind isn't working upon during the day, I seem to have only one set of thoughts for the night, going round in a complete circle like a velocipede, as they were always called in the dear old days."

"It always begins with the invasion—and it's strange, dear, and may actually *mean* something, that I invariably see it taking place on this very coast; it goes on to a great battle all over Little Fiddle-on-the-Green in which the whole responsibility of manning the First Aid Post depends on myself—and by that time I'm in such a state that I *force* myself to think of something else."

"I'm sure that's quite right."

"Yes, dear, but all that ever comes into my mind is *either* the income-tax demand or the *utter* impossibility of ever getting any sleep again in this world. And then I go straight back to the invasion again."

E. M. D.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

At the Pictures

SO-CALLED

ALREADY the general interpretation of the name "The Thin Man" ranks with that of "Frankenstein" as a popular fallacy. Nearly everybody now believes that it always referred to *Nick Charles*, the part played by WILLIAM POWELL; hardly anybody remembers that it referred to the murdered man in the first, the original *Nick Charles* story. Ever since that the publicity people have encouraged the mistake by talking about "Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man" when they mean Mr. POWELL and Miss LOY, and by incorporating the phrase in the title of each succeeding adventure. The new one is *Shadow of the Thin Man* (Director: W. S. VAN DYKE II) and it has the usual, the unmistakable, the (if you care at all for this kind of thing) welcome characteristics. The story moves by way of cumulative murders (witnesses of each in turn being bumped off so as to provide more new clues and enrich the detail, and so on again) from one to another of the more picturesque and miscellaneous-attended urban entertainments and sports. Everywhere *Nick* atmosphere, range of emotion . . . the very air one breathes. And, of course,

the Russian *General Suvorov* (Directors: V. I. PUDOVKIN and M. DOLLER) you get a totally different world? Everything possible is different: language, type of story, period, motive, technique,

finish: for the Russians the superficial glossiness, the slick polish of most American films is a quite unwanted, unnecessary, not to say *bad* quality. Perhaps the lack of it is likely to disconcert a public whose customary film fare is polished within an inch (or foot) of its life—and sometimes beyond.

But to disconcert only momentarily; for the gain is in character, emotion, and what one might call space. There is a wide airiness about some of these battlefield scenes that the streaks and flickers of a worn film cannot spoil, and a sort of humanity and depth in the characters that Hollywood, preoccupied with problems of squeezing in everything the public is known to want, seldom seems to think worth trying for. To see *General Suvorov* is an unusual and refreshing experience, and the portrait of the great man by N. P. CHERKASOV (not N. K., the star of *Alexander Nevsky*) is endearing as well as impressive. For once one gets the impression of a notable personality *other* than that of the actor concerned.



[Shadow of the Thin Man

ON THE SCENT

Nick WILLIAM POWELL

Let us divide the last few inches between *Dive Bomber* (Director: MICHAEL CURTIZ), *What a Man!* (Director: EDWARD CLINE) and *The Corsican Brothers* (Director: GREGORY RATOFF).

Dive Bomber is another "aviation epic" in Technicolor and is notable for two things: first, it has apparently the serious motive of paying a tribute to the medical research workers investigating the problems of "black-out" unconsciousness and height-sickness in pilots; second, it has almost no love interest. The colour is very good, but the film is rather too long. . . . *What a Man!* is W. C. FIELDS's latest miscellaneous outburst: a thorough mess as a film, but worth seeing (by FIELDS fans) for several characteristic episodes. . . . *The Corsican Brothers*, the DUMAS story, with DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., as the separated Siamese twins, has some good rousing fights and AKIM TAMIROFF as an oily villain, but contrives to be (I think) rather dull.

R. M.



[General Suvorov

LE PETIT GENERAL

Suvorov. N. P. CHERKASOV

Need I observe that in

The Onlooker

"YOU are certainly due for forty-eight hours' leave," said Lieutenant Vague to Sapper Symphon, "but it is most unusual for a man to stay in the village where his Company is billeted. You say the landlord of the 'Bell' is a friend of yours?"

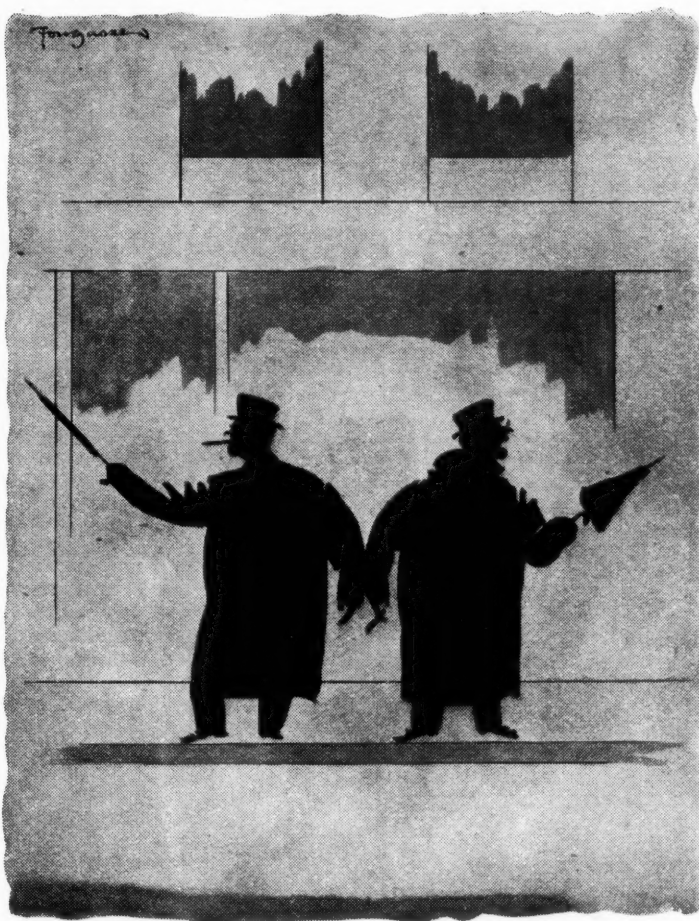
"Yes, Sir," said Symphon blandly, "any man who places a tiled bathroom at my disposal is a friend of mine, and it distinctly says in Company Orders that men will occasionally be granted forty-eight hours' leave to visit friends within ninety miles. The 'Bell' is less than ninety yards from our billet." "If the Company had been all together Lieutenant Vague would no doubt have consulted the Major, and that ingenious officer would have found some way of thwarting Sapper Symphon, but as our section was on detachment and Lieutenant Vague was in sole charge, he reluctantly signed Symphon's pass, and after duty on Friday Symphon donned battle-order and crossed the road to the "Bell," from an upper window of which he was shortly afterwards seen to be peering with a strange smile on his face.

The windows of the large cold room where we were billeted were exactly opposite the windows of the room that he had chosen in the "Bell," and soon after reveille next morning, as we changed shivering into our uniforms, we saw a chambermaid enter his room with morning tea and a newspaper. He waved derisively to us as we set off, with our tin plates and bowls, for breakfast.

His own breakfast he took in leisurely fashion at a window-table in the coffee-room, and he chose to begin the meal as we formed up for morning parade. Lieutenant Vague, of course, stood with his back to Symphon while he inspected us, and as he chided one man about buttons and another about gaiters and yet a third about boots, Symphon shook his head at us reprovingly.

Then Lieutenant Vague started to address us about the next week's programme, and Sapper Symphon turned on the hotel wireless to full volume. A lady with a very piercing voice was telling the housewives of England how to make Yorkshire pudding without eggs, and Lieutenant Vague had no chance whatever against this competition.

He looked up at the window and fixed his eye on Symphon, but Symphon was calmly reading his newspaper.



"Of course the Government ought to take EVERYONE, no matter who or what they are, and order 'em just WHERE to go and WHAT to do, and NO DAMN NONSENSE about it—instead of allowing so much rushing about all over the place that one often has the very greatest difficulty in getting a taxi."

Lieutenant Vague wondered if a man could be put on a charge for listening to cooking hints while on leave from his unit, and then, deciding not to risk it, marched us up the street.

Symphon haunted us all morning. We found him leaning negligently over a gate, sucking a straw, while we painfully dug weapon-pits in a very wet field. He watched us keenly as we did our P.T. in the school playground, and he was there to supervise, with a critical eye, the changing of the Guard.

When we were dismissed at one o'clock we went in a body to the bar of the "Bell" and, as we expected, found him there.

"It is proving to be the most

delightful leave I have ever spent," he said enthusiastically. "You cannot realize, unless you have tasted it, the ecstasy of seeing other men getting up at reveille while you lie in bed, of seeing other men drilling while you are idle, of eating your breakfast while other men stand at attention and have rude remarks made about their appearance. I think I shall spend my next seven days' leave here as well."

Unfortunately during the afternoon Lieutenant Vague received advice to send a sapper on a range-finding course. He felt that Sapper Symphon was the man for the job, and recalled him, with considerable gusto, from leave.



"Paper or code-card—whichever you prefer, a penny each."

Through Soft Soap to Victory

THE temptation to write about generals, when you are in the Army, is acute. But it has to be resisted. The public is not interested in generals, except when they are being bowler-hatted to compensate for the loss of an aerodrome, and one doesn't write about generals in bowlers out of a sense of respect akin to that for the dead. The whole point about a general is that he should be red and gaitered and so awe-inspiring that even brigadiers wait until his car has turned the corner before shaking their fists. Put him in subfusc and what is he? A journalist, in all probability, trying to pretend he foresaw Rommel's counter-attack in the issue before last.

The public is also not interested in Allowance Regs 1938, or the Pay Warrant, or, incredible as it may seem, the richly humorous Manual of Military Law. The question then naturally arises: What is the public interested in? The answer seems to be that the public is interested, above all things, in its own reactions to the war.

I judge our reactions as a nation entirely from what I read in the newspapers, and I find them curious. From a study of History and Geography and Galsworthy I had always imagined we were a stolid undemonstrative sort of people, not easily aroused, but immensely determined and impossible to move from our course once we had made up our minds. Hitler made the same mistake as me. There is a passage in *Mein Kampf* in which he speaks, no doubt with regret, of the British characteristic of hanging on and seeing it through. But we erred, Hitler and I.

So far from being stolid, we appear to be mercurial to a degree. We are constantly swayed by excesses of emotion. Do we advance a league or two in Libya? There is an

outburst of complacency, production landslides, officers overstay their leave and paper is thrown into the fire instead of being done up in bundles and handed to the attendant at the Odeon. Is the cheese ration increased, indicating that the Battle of the Atlantic has been won? We are all convinced that the war will be over by Christmas, gas-masks are left at home, children flock back to the danger zones, and local councils—so strongly does the tide of optimism flow—begin to replace the iron railings round their horse-troughs. Nothing can save our war-effort from total collapse save a spectacular defeat, which is accordingly arranged.

It is a pity that the effect of a defeat is so shattering that its nature and results must immediately be minimised in order to sustain the people of Great Britain in their adversity and prevent them from demanding an immediate negotiated peace. "There is no denying," remarks my newspaper with admirable frankness, "that the loss of Singapore is a heavy reverse which cannot but further embarrass the Allied nations in a position strained almost, though by no means quite, to breaking-point in the Pacific. But" (aha!) "it must not be forgotten that Singapore had for many weeks ceased to be of practical utility to us as a naval base, and the struggle, ever since the first landing of Japanese troops in Northern Malaya, has been aimed rather at denying the use of the port to the enemy than at its retention for offensive purposes by us. This, with an adequate employment of air power, should not be beyond our powers. Moreover, Japanese communications, already dangerously thingumied . . . evidence of Allied naval concentration . . . American troops reported to be pouring into Cocoanut Island . . . the redoubtable Chiang Kai Shek . . . limitless resources . . . spirit evidenced by the success of Haverfordwest's Waste Paper Week . . . there can be no doubt of the ultimate issue."

I take leave to question whether the country really needs this baby-stuff. I seriously doubt whether, after reading it, the workers grip their spanners with a new zeal and send the tank-production figures soaring (or rocketing) to unheard-of (or astronomical) heights. I doubt for that matter whether Civil Servants and Adjutants address themselves to their files with stouter hearts because of it. I never yet saw a barber or a warehouseman go to his task of hair-clipping or warehousing in a grimmer and a gayer mood after a glance at the paper.

This is destructive criticism of the worst kind. Newspaper leaders have to be written and they have to be of a fixed length. Each sentence must begin with a capital letter and end with a full stop, and phrases of one kind or another, though generally of one kind, have to be put in the middle. There must be enough of these sentences to get down to the place where the next leader begins; otherwise there would be a gap, unless the second leader started too soon, which is unthinkable. To publish a leader which simply said:

"The situation in the south-west Pacific is fully set out in our news columns. The conclusions to be drawn from it, the morals to be pointed, and the platitudes to be reiterated remain as stated in our issues of the 2nd, 5th, 9th, 13th, 18th and 22nd" would be in the worst possible taste. People would use the blank space to record bets and memoranda, and parts of the paper would thus become unavailable as salvage. So a thousand words have to be written, and naturally the story has to have a happy ending. Nobody can be consistently depressing for a thousand words. Or so at least I thought before I started to write.

I do suggest, though, that when the leader-writer comes to the point at which he has just said "Unless . . ." and "Only a superhuman effort . . ." and "If we fail to

co-ordinate . . ." he should try to avoid the conclusion "the struggle may be protracted unnecessarily for months and even years before the final victory, assured to us by the incomparable resources of the Allied nations, lies within our grasp." When we were eight points down at half-time—as we often were in the team I played for—the forwards were never told to, "go like hell, though of course your incomparable full-back will see you through." We were just told to go like hell. And if we didn't we lost.

H. F. E.

Molesworth the Dog Fancier

Contains: Diary of dogs, parots, land girls, chizzes, weeds, grandmothers and uncle bingo.

Feb. 19. we are not at skool cheers cheers i.e. becos molesworth 2 in contact with wizard case of measles it is about time he did something sensible. Grate confusion follow and mum ring up gran who sa she would rather haf a pair of ravening wolves which is what comes of molesworth 2 saing boo to scrooge when she read xmas carol last dec. 24. Pop make helpful sugestions i.e. how about parking us at the savvy hotel or he would dig a large hole for us on wimbeldon comon. Mum is not amused and get aunt ciss to take us at her farm you kno where ermintrude (girl) and weedy parot are. molesworth 2 blub he want to live in the hole he is a girly and not tudough at all.

Feb. 20. Stern pie jaw from mum she sa reason peoply do not like hafing us becos we are not gentlemanly chiz e.g. sir galahad would not haf said "is that all" when gran give him graf spee batle game for birthday. molesworth 2 sa thats nothing you should haf heard what pop say about the mitens she knited. He ask if mum would like to hear the word as he haf joted it down in skoolboy diary 1942. After i sneke about and pop ask mum how did it go but she also utter word gosh coo. Rub chest to bring up measle spots but it no go chiz.

Feb. 21. Gran now making munitions in xplosives factory. Oficial. Pop sa she canot last more than a week and he will buy bottle of strong wine on the strength of it.

Feb. 22. Arive at aunt ciss and ermintrude meet us at station chiz. She sa shame nigel molesworth for puting molesworth 2 in lugage rack just becos he will not share micky mouse weekly you are no knight. Our parot the one who was brought up in the sergeants mess see ermintrude and sa cor lumme what a dial he is no knight either. Farm is super and folowing dogs in residence i.e. punch smut sweep and geobels. Also ernest (dog) who belong to gran. Bull is still frendly but molesworth 2 swank he haf been bitten by a chicken he is absolutely weedy.

Feb. 23. Chiz as aunt ciss make us WORK e.g. walk each day and get no sweets, no choes, no mars bars, no cigs and no soap from vilage shop. Also walk with red flag in front of miss penberthy (land girl) when she drive tractor. Super chiz actually as i walk all the way into vilage before i find she haf turned into ploughed field. i suppose i did look silly but no need for vilage oiks to sa i haf red nose. Aunt ciss parot is still weedy and glad to take cold bath. He sa brrrh brrrh good to be alive but our parot refuse to get off perch till lunch time and then complane about the seed. Aunt ciss sa he is a worm and a bad sport chiz he has never been the same since he broadcasted you kno the time. he think everbode thort him a nightingale.

Feb. 24. Pop write that gran still in one piece but only a mater of time. He sa one thing about her working in xplosives factory she will get her wish about being scatered to the 4 winds and no kremation xpenses either.

Feb. 27. Wizard field marshal arive at farm cheers cheers as it is only UNCKLE BINGO up to his tricks he is bats. He order molesworth 2 to be shot for xceeding points ration and molesworth 2 blub he is frited and uncle bingo haf to ofer him 1939 mars bar so aunt ciss won't hear. He then go to pub and do super thing viz he xchange ernest (dog) for pint of BEER and 20 cigs. He tell landlord ernest a fine ratter which is a whoper and molesworth 2 is specheless with admiration.

Feb. 28. Rat chasses ernest (dog) down hole and uncle bingo haf to buy him back chiz. He ofer to take rat instead but recive stiff refusal.

Mar. 2. col. threpperton (squire) give weedy dog show in vilage hall and we take all dogs after tudough combing. Dogs are tuough and bite everbode including wilfred post-mistress baby which not bad aktuallly as baby is a weed and keep throwing pink rabbit out of pram what is the sense of it. molesworth 2 swank he is a dog chiz he only do it to get a biskit. Aunt ciss give 6 to 4 on punch for long begging competition but chiz as no dog will stop except ernest who can only die for the king anyway and he is awarded prize. col. threpperton present prizes i.e. threpperton bowl and enormous dog bound up bow 3 times and shake him by the hand. Cheers cheers dog is only UNCKLE BINGO and he swank his name champion duff of throgmorton but noone belive him. col. threpperton sa he should be drummed from his regiment but all dogs highly delited and all bite each other.

Mar. 4. Dogs exorsted they canot carry out national service i.e. guard petrol dump while sergent talk to miss penberthy. Only ernest (dog) report for duty he would wet or fine and do not pretend he haf a sore throat. They will give him a pike next.

Mar. 5. Pop write p.c. that gran haf no chance of xplooding now as she haf row with forewoman who do not think it wise to haf primus stove in filling shed tea or no tea.

Mar. 6. Buzz wizard brick at army oficer with red cap chiz as i think it unckle bingo and i haf to do bunk from british army. Oficer complane to aunt Ciss but she sa i am sure nigel is the last boy to throw stone and wink heavily she is jolly decent. She ofer oficer cup of tea but miss penberthy come in and he take one look and sa he must be getting on.

Mar. 7. Days wear on dogs bulls chickens and land girls haf shoulders to wheel. ermintrude sa always darkest before dawn but i am browned off i shall be in the army soon. Decide to run away to skool. GOSH.

Mar. 8. Chiz and this is wilfred molesworth saing it.

the end.

BITTER WINDS AND ANGRY SEAS

THE Battle of Supply finds the Navy and the Merchant Service keeping ceaseless vigil. Their efforts mean food supplies, munitions of war, protection of home, support for Forces overseas, constant watch upon the enemy—all these are dependent upon their selfless service. We shall never be able to repay our debt, but at least we can provide them with the comforts they deserve and make their hardships a little more bearable.

Won't you please help us? If this is your first introduction to the Fund will you please become a subscriber? Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.



"Here's a soap that restores youth, health, grace and beauty. Unfortunately it calls for two coupons."

Spring 1942

IT is difficult to sing
 With success about the Spring
 When competitors have collared all the rhymes;
 But the task is doubly hard
 Which the persevering bard
 Must essay in these intimidating times:
 Shout the posters "Spring Offensive"—
 And it leaves the poet pensive
 For though Spring of course is nothing of the kind,
 Yet one gathers what they mean—
 When the world is turning green
 That's the time when Hitler gingers up his wicked
 war-machine,
 As the bard of Spring to-day must bear in mind.

Very well, then, I can take it—
 I will seize the lyre and shake it
 While the lambkin and the linnet skip and hop;
 Spring's afoot, the buds are breaking;
 Winter's out, the world is waking—
 Which all the Huns in Hades cannot stop:
 Pan is piping? Flora's drumming?
 Hitler's coming, Hitler's coming?
 Well, the wise will take the powder with the jam;
 What if trouble looms ahead?
 Life is rising from the dead;
 Spring is back again, the lovely—that's a thing that
 should be said,
 And I'm saying it, I'm saying it; I am! H. B.



THE NEW SWORD

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, March 10th.—House of Commons: A Tale of Horror, with Epilogue.

Wednesday, March 11th.—House of Lords: Lord Woolton Promises Jam To-morrow—or None To-day.

House of Commons: A Tale of India: Preface.

Thursday, March 12th.—House of Commons: A Dose of Austerity is Administered.

Tuesday, March 10th.—In its simple, unostentatious and quite different way, this week may prove as historic as any in Parliament's war-time story.



TWO POINTS OF VIEW—I

THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY

To-day Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, the Foreign Secretary, his voice charged with cold, indignant emotion, eloquently told the story of the horror of Hongkong, and of the actions of Japanese soldiery there when the British forces had been forced to surrender. The House sat in strained, horrified silence while the recital lasted. At the end, there was a cheer of a low, fierce quality that boded ill for the authors of the atrocities. It came when Mr. EDEN called for a redoubled effort to defeat so infamous an enemy, and poured scorn on the modern practice of the age-old "Bushido" chivalry of the Japanese—"nauseating hypocrisy" he called it.

So long as doubt remained about the truth of the stories, Mr. EDEN said,

the Government had refrained from giving them currency. But now, alas! there was no longer room for doubt.

Reliable eyewitnesses had told how fifty officers and men of the British forces had been tied hand and foot and then bayoneted to death; how women, both Asiatic and European, had been raped and murdered; how British survivors of the garrison had been herded into compounds with others of all nationalities; how permission to bury the many dead had been refused; how, when permission was given, the bodies had to be interred in a corner of the camp.

Requests by General MALTBY, the British commander, for an interview with the Japanese commander had been curtly refused, and so had permission for a representative of the Protecting Power or of the Red Cross to visit the scene of the atrocities.

Members set their lips in firm, straight, determined lines. Mr. EDEN sat down, deeply moved.

Sadly, grimly, the House turned its attention to one way in which such horrors can be met—with Silver Bullets. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, asked for another £250,000,000 vote of credit to pay for the war. This made a total for the war period of £4,500,000,000, quite apart from money raised by taxes.

Colonel CLIFTON BROWN, the Deputy Chairman, read out the proposal to raise another £250,000,000 with an almost apologetic hangdog air, as if so trifling a sum could scarcely claim the attention of the Mother of Parliaments. Sir KINGSLEY, playing up to this lead, pointed out that it was a drop (possibly two) in the golden ocean, because we are now spending £12,500,000 a day on the war.

With something of the "Watch me!" air of the man who balances two billiard balls, a chair or two, a walking-stick and a plate of fruit on his nose, the CHANCELLOR assured the House that this sum would be made to look pretty small once the British war effort really got going. And he had not really got going either. There was the Budget to come, and they would then see—what they would see.

There was a shortish debate, in which Members demanded strict economy and constant assurance that every one of the millions of pounds was doing its full bit in the war effort.

Mr. KEELING asked the CHANCELLOR to note that the need to calculate 20/29ths of many sums of money (for tax purposes) gave much work to depleted staffs, and to consider an alteration of this fraction to two-thirds.

But in vain is the trap set in the sight of the Treasury oof-bird, and Sir KINGSLEY blandly pointed out that he had fixed income tax at the conveniently simple figure of ten shillings in the £. One gathered that this was not the sole reason for the figure, but Mr. CAMPBELL STEPHEN hopefully suggested (apparently considering that some amelioration might thereby be gained) that a team of schoolboys might be enlisted to do the sums for the agitated representatives of Big Business.

Captain SHAW, not less hopelessly hopeful, sought a statement on the number of forms we have all had to fill in since war began, the tonnage of paper involved, and the amount of



TWO POINTS OF VIEW—II

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

storage space needed for them, when filled in.

A nice neat little question. Captain HARRY CROOKSHANK, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, replied that the ascertainment of such details would mean an expenditure of time and labour which could not be justified. Apparently it might even mean more forms and files and things.

Mr. RICHARD STOKES invited the Captain to spend a week in his (Mr. STOKES's) business, filling in all the Government forms there required, but Captain CROOKSHANK, with suspicious promptitude, declined.

Wednesday, March 11th.—To-day more history was made. Mr. CHURCHILL, paying one of his now rare visits to the House of Commons,



announced that the omnipresent Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS is to go to India in an effort to end the long troubles there and to get all the millions in that sub-continent working for the success of the war-effort against tyranny and aggression.

There were cheers from all parts of the House, and many Members rose to wish the LORD PRIVY SEAL good-speed.

What the plan is precisely, we do not know. Mr. CHURCHILL said it was the unanimous plan of the War Cabinet, that it provided for the present and the future, and that he hoped it would be acceptable.

Meanwhile, he hoped there would be no debates or unhelpful words, here or in India, to make even more difficult the colossal task of Sir STAFFORD.

Cheering sympathetically, the House passed on to deal with that *bête noire*, the Black Marketeer.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, the Home Secretary, dealt with *him*, in response to a demand from Major A. M. LYONS, K.C. Fourteen years' penal servitude is to be the punishment for the blackest of the Black Market offences. Very heavy fines will be added in some cases, and the fines will be compulsory for specified crimes.

All this went down very well, for the Black Market Man has no single friend in the House.

With some dubiety, however, Members heard another proposal: that anyone who had any part or lot in a transaction subsequently shown to be illegal might have to prove his or her innocence.

This procedure, so reminiscent of some aspects of the Official Secrets Act, is not looked on with favour, even when applied to Black Marketeers. The old principle of "Innocent until proved guilty" dies hard, and most Members hope it will be an unconscionable time a-dying.

In the Lords, Lord WOOLTON announced that there would soon be no more white bread, fewer sweet cakes and chocolates. Jam yesterday, jam to-morrow (we hope), provided we do without jam to-day.

This arrangement pleased Lord HORDER, who gave untold numbers of guineas' worth of advice (quite free, gratis and for nothing) about diets and so forth. It all came down to this: "Brown Bread is Good For You!" Fellow-peers shuddered and nodded resignedly. What with Black Markets and Brown Bread . . .!

Thursday, March 12th.—Continuing

the process of making history, Ministers to-day gave three important statements.

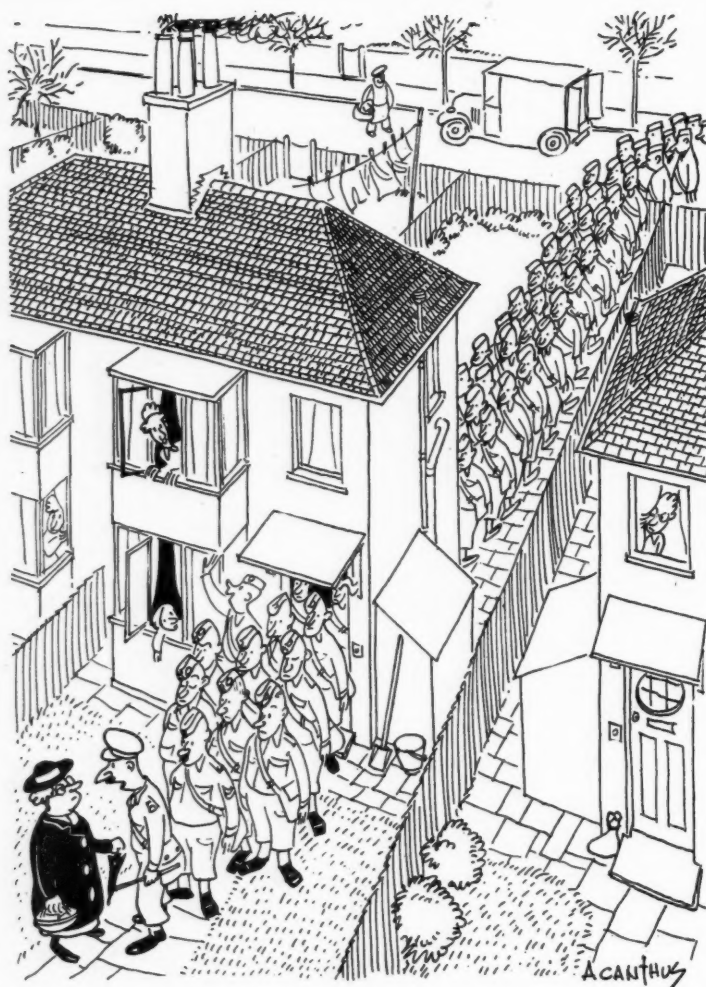
Mr. CHURCHILL announced the not-too-clearly-defined duties and powers of the Minister of Production, who arises from the ashes of the Minister of State—and is still Mr. OLIVER LYTTTELTON, formerly of Cairo, Egypt.

Apparently he is to be a sort of super-conjuror.

Next, Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, Home Secretary, announced cuts in horse-racing, dog-racing and the care-less raptures of life in general. We are to be more austere, and are, literally, to be prevented from going to the dogs—except at week-ends and on public holidays.

And finally, Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, Petroleum Secretary, took the spirit out of us (or at least out of our car-tanks) by ordering cuts in the basic ration. From the end of next month, the basic ration will be cut by half. Then, on July 1, it will go altogether. After that, every drop will have to be justified.

Members (some of them perhaps a thought guiltily) cheered this virtual abolition of pleasure motoring. Shanks's pony is the surest means of travel on the road to Victory.



"Pardon, Madam, I think we must have taken a wrong turning somewhere."

Co-ordination

WE were not particularly keen to open Burbleton's Warships Week. For one thing, unlike most of the human race, we really do dislike making speeches—especially nowadays, when even the guest of honour at an annual dinner has the greatest difficulty in getting a glass of wine. (Nothing, by the way, exhibits the tenacity, the sincerity of our race, and the keenness of its appetite for speeches so beautifully as the continuance of annual dinners in present conditions—with just as many speeches as before. At the last A.D. we attended

even the glasses were frisked off the table during the last speech but two; and not a man or woman made an exit or even a moan.)

For another thing, as we were saying, we are so far from saving sufficiently and properly ourselves that we feel in our hearts just the faintest taint of humbug as we exhort the assembled citizens to stop eating toffee and lend their all for the war.

This was really why we refused to open the Warships Weeks of the great port of P—, the mighty city of C—, and the populous and prosperous

township of T—. For we were quite sure that when it came to saving, lending, making their money fight, hitting Hitler with a half-crown, and so on, any of their Average Citizens could knock us over the ropes.

Also, the "targets" of these good great places were so ambitious and immense that they made us feel afraid as well as ashamed. People who have bravely set themselves to lend Britain an entire battleship, or even a couple of unfinished battle-cruisers, surely deserve the very best oratory to get them going. Now, we can make a bad speech as well as the next man (if you see what we mean). We lose reputation, we are not offered another cigar, we are not asked again—none of these things matters very much. But how if, by making a bad speech, we lost a battleship (or even two unfinished battle-cruisers) to the nation? What a responsibility!

Even the worst and most conscientious speaker, however, may feel a little easier when he is risking a mere destroyer or sloop. And Burbleton's modest target was only a torpedo-boat (of which, as I here inform Hitler, we are turning out about a thousand daily). Also, we have long been fond of little Burbleton. And the suggestion was that we should go (sorry—"proceed") to Burbleton in a real warship—or rather, in one of His Majesty's Naval Auxiliary Boats. Which sounded better than going to the great port of P—, or the mighty city of C—, or even the populous and prosperous township of K— or T— by some absurd form of land-transport.

So, what with one thing and another, the necessary permissions having been granted, we graciously consented also.

Well, the going (sorry—"proceeding") was not too good. Because the Opening was fixed for 3.0 P.M. (sorry—"1500"). And, allowing time for changing into speech-making rig and getting (sorry—"proceeding") to the Hall in Burbleton Town—we must be alongside Burbleton (Sea) by 2.30 (sorry—"1430") at latest.

But Burbleton, as of course you know, lies, indeed sleeps, at the head of a long, narrow, shallow and sinuous tidal creek which "dries out" at low water and is not navigable all the way by anything but Fairy Peaseblossom's yacht until about one hour before High Water. And High Water, that day, at Burbleton, was about 1530.

So the odds were grim. But this particular vessel, they say, has often made the same boast as the bargeman makes about his sailing-barge—that "she will sail wherever there's been

a heavy fall of dew." "We shall sail up the creek," the captain said, "as soon as may be—as the Parliamentary draftsmen say—whatever that may mean. We shall go hard aground about 1400, not far from Burbleton. But we shall float off in due course as the water rises and go, proceed, or as it may be, to Burbleton (Sea) in good time to open the Warships Week at 1500 at Burbleton (Town)."

And we were right—though the difficulties and dangers were even more severe than we had expected. We duly went aground between two matronly mudbanks, at about 1345, and we floated at about 1400. But a wild wind on the starboard quarter prevented us from getting really going (sorry—"proceeding"), and we bounced for some time from one matronly mud-bosom (or bank) to the other—generally the starboard bosom. We had our signals hoisted all ready to inspire and stimulate the citizens of Burbleton—four hoists in the International Code:

IKY	Lend
EPN	To defend
HAW	Have you any
RJX	Warships

But for some time it appeared that the only beings likely to be inspired and stimulated by this signal would be the water-fowl and cattle of Burbleton Marshes.

However, we made Burbleton (Sea) in good time; and there was Councillor —— to meet us. The Councillor was hospitable, but cold and anxious. He said: "I'm afraid the mass-meeting may not be quite so massive as we had hoped, Mr. Poker——"

We said at once, "Don't worry, Councillor, we think so little of our oratory that we would not cross the road to hear it. If there are so many as a dozen fellow-citizens present we shall be surprised and complimented."

He said: "We hope there will be more than that. But, as a matter of fact, for some days a big military exercise has been going on in this area. It comes to an end this evening; but it hasn't helped us much. And, this afternoon being Saturday, many of our workers are engaged on their Home Guard or other invasion duties. And, besides that——"

But here the Councillor was suddenly silent, as one about to go too far.

Well, we drove off to Burbleton (Town), mildly gratified to see our name in large capitals everywhere. And, sure enough, about every hundred yards we were stopped by a Home Guard, eager to see everybody's passes, permits, and causes for existence.

"Jolly good," we said.

But each time the Councillor said: "Of course, if it wasn't for the manœuvres, that good fellow would have been at our meeting."

Burlington Town, we thought, seemed strangely empty for a Saturday afternoon. The shops were open; but nobody was shopping. No doubt the citizens were already massed at our mass-meeting.

Outside the Hall a fine band of the Royal Marines was drawn up, which cheered us. And inside the Hall were about thirty naval ratings, sent from a naval base to show the uniform.

There were also ten men of Burbleton and two old women.

Twelve in all. But we had asked for no more. We thought it likely that however thrifty and patriotic the audience, they might not yield more than a small naval canoe to the Navy. But that would be something—and we went ahead with our duty.

After about five minutes of our address about twenty small children appeared at the door and made rude noises. They were taken out and presumably strangled. We were sorry. They did, at least, lend a little life to the proceedings, if they could lend no more.

During the next phase of our oration we went fast asleep. We were

awakened by a door banging. Someone had come in.

It was the Régional Commissioner.

Flattered by this apparition, we kept awake during the next, and last, ten minutes of our speech. For, after all, the Regional Commissioner is almost a king, having cognizance, if not control, of almost everything—invasion, manoeuvres, warships weeks and everything.

Afterwards we were proud to meet him. He apologized kindly for the dimensions of the mass-meeting—and for being a little late. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I had to deal with some of the shopkeepers, who are rather cross about this afternoon—as you may be."

"No, no!" we cried. "But what are they cross about?"

"What happened," he said, "was that the Army issued a warning that gas was going to be released in the streets this afternoon."

We understood why the Councillor had been suddenly silent.

"Ha!" we said, taking it. "And no doubt all the citizens are huddled in their homes, muttering grimly, 'We're not going to risk the gas of the military in order to enjoy the gas of a Member of Parliament!'"

"That," he said, "is precisely the position."
A. P. H.



"Are you being attended to, Sir?"



"And what we'd like to know is—How is it you're still able to run a car?"

Bath

TO-MORROW I shall go to Bath. I shall leave my duties, however nationally important, far behind me and I shall go to that proud quiet city. There will I be. There you will find me.

I shall climb up Gay Street where Fanny Burney stayed, and pause in the Circus at the top of the hill. Disregarding the admirals and the ladies in small fur hats, my tired eyes shall drink their fill.

I will go to Royal Crescent and think of the Prince Regent. The Prince Regent and I will look at that perfect semi-ellipse; though there be a warden's post there, or static water, such shining beauty can suffer no eclipse.

The lovely balconies and the big wide windows, the broad curving sweep of the roadway from end to end will remind me that whatever I say, and I say a great deal, this is what I am fighting to defend.

Let me stand quietly there and think of quiet things; or if I cannot think, then let me stare. For if the hand truly fashions what the heart desires, here man is not forsaken, here I need not despair.

Down Milsom Street, shadowed by Beau Nash, shadowed by Jane Austen and Doctor Oliver and William Pitt, I will wend my way, peacefully and gratefully remembering elegance and biscuits and kindly wit.

To-morrow I shall go to Bath. Yes, there you will find me, having a nice hot cup of tea in Quiet Street. And my soul will be as quiet too as a limpid pool, as quiet as a grey dove my soothed heart's beat. V. G.

Experiences of a Junior Officer

A Messing Officer's Revenge

I THINK I realized almost immediately that I had made a mistake in posting myself to the 17th Surbiton Highlanders. I had been attracted to the regiment in the first place by the fact that it was stationed near London, and I hoped to combine my regimental duties with running a literary agency. It seemed an ideal sort of regiment: the whole of it—eighteen officers, six N.C.O.s and one man—was quartered in a small public house near Thames Ditton. I looked forward to a thoroughly good time in this convivial atmosphere.

At first I was not disappointed. I generally rose at ten and made a large old-fashioned breakfast of eggs and bacon, jugged hare, sausages and tomatoes, cheese, kedgeree, Dover sole, toast and marmalade, tea, coffee and cocoa. Lunch was at twelve-thirty and lasted until three-thirty. Tea was from four to six. Dinner began at seven and went on until nine-thirty. Supper was at nine-forty-five. If I felt hungry during the night I had only to ring and Private Luggbone would bring me coffee and biscuits. When I was Orderly Officer I usually had four or five kippers grilled on the guard-room fire.

The only thing that spoils this idyllic atmosphere was the attitude of the other officers, particularly the C.O., Colonel Gulpstone. Finding me in the mess at all hours, he would often come up grumbling behind me.

"Here again?" he would mutter touchily. "I never asked you to join this regiment. Sitting there eating your head off. It's a damned disgrace."

My only reply was to help myself to an extra slice of Yorkshire pudding.

The other officers were just as bad. The Adjutant looked away when I approached. Even the N.C.O.s taunted me with gluttony, and once I caught Luggbone sneering at me in a mirror. Not that it mattered much. I cared not a straw for them. But it did ruin the pleasant homely feeling of the place.

To victimize me the C.O. was always giving me different appointments which he hoped—as he stated openly in Regimental Orders—would prevent me from eating so much. I started as Sports Officer, but finding I had spent the whole of the funds on jam, the C.O. had to relieve me of the appointment. I did not last much longer as M.T. Officer, for with the whole of the regimental vehicles at my disposal I scoured the countryside for food and caused famine and great hardship in places as far apart as Haslemere and Welwyn Garden City. The C.O. then made me a platoon commander and was perpetually sending me off on "schemes." Not that this worried me, as there were no men in my platoon and I had a free hand. It was found,



"Have you a foxtrot called Tchaikowsky's Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra?"

however, that when I was away the local tradesmen did not trouble to supply any food to the regiment, thinking it unnecessary, and so after three or four days of hunger the C.O. was forced to recall me by telegram—"HEAVENS SAKE COME AT ONCE STARVING GULPSTONE." Once, to teach them all a lesson, I did not return for a week after receiving the telegram, and found the regiment casting lots to decide who should be eaten first.

When I had been in the regiment about six months the Colonel hit on a brilliant idea. He made me Messing Officer. It is well known that Messing Officers, though they have control of feeding arrangements, seldom get anything to eat themselves. They are too busy. Often at meal-times, before they have time to raise a spoonful of soup to their lips, they are called away to pacify some man who has found a piece of wire-netting in his toad-in-the-hole. They grow bad-tempered through perpetual bending over kitchen ranges, browbeating of cooks and arguing with recalcitrant tradesmen. They develop a distaste for food. To them a plate of ham and eggs is anathema. A Yorkshire pudding is as dust and ashes.

Small wonder then that the Colonel hoped—as he stated openly in Regimental Orders—that after a few weeks as Messing Officer I should either die or be forced to take myself elsewhere.

To a certain extent he was right. I began to go off my food, to me a most serious matter. I provided delicious meals for the Mess but was often unable to partake of more than one helping of each course. Eventually I could not eat more than one course of each meal. The day came when I missed lunch altogether. The Colonel mocked at me; the Adjutant gibbered in my face.

I planned a diabolical revenge. Soon the opportunity came. One guest-night the Colonel was to entertain the Commander-in-Chief of the Free Serbonian Armies serving in Great Britain. He begged me to provide a special menu. I agreed.

When the banquet—for such it was—began, the guests scanned the menu eagerly, none more eagerly than Colonel Gulpstone. Here it is:

Thick Soup with Butterscotch Drops
Chocolate-coated Sardines
Boiled Rabbit with Hundred and Thousands
Calico Pudding
Cheese and Biscuits

While the hour of eight boomed from the steeples of Thames Ditton I was on my way to an unknown destination.

Dea Loquitur

I AM a gunner and a trifle hazy
 From seven months of drilling and re-drilling.
 So when she spoke to me I may have gazed
 Uncertainly, as at a dream's fulfilling.
 Her eyes were Baltic blue—the least bit chilling,
 Her lips were painted an approved cerise,
 Her skin was like the foam of blossom spilling
 In Spring from Aquitanian apple-trees.
 A trim divinity, and not much older
 Than twenty-two, yet confident and wise,
 With three gold stars upon each tailored shoulder.
 I looked at her with half-persuaded eyes.
 And then upspoke the goddess, grittily:
 "Stand to attention when you speak to me."



"How much is the 'No coupons required'?"

Exclusive

YOU go to pubs to be with people and to clubs to get away from them. The exclusiveness of places is not judged in my opinion by the ones admitted, but by those kept out. This mess is not like pub or club. You cannot keep out the people you do not want to be with, nor bring in the people you do.

The man over there has the most concentrated way of reading a comic strip. You would think he was learning something. Without a smile he holds the paper in his big fists and his brows are knit. Doggedly he follows each strip right across the page, and when he has enjoyed them all, as I am told he does, he folds the paper and, with no change in his expression, puts it down and walks out. That is the only part of the paper he reads and that is its effect on him.

There is a fellow who cannot play bridge unless he personally keeps the washing book, and if you want to keep one too he almost takes your pencil away. He must set out the cards when you cut for partners, and he will announce, with rapid gestures, who is to play with whom and where they had better sit. It is he who says to the dealer "Which cards, old man?" and who indicates which player must cut the pack for the dealer. Almost before this is over he nudges the dealer practically out of his seat. "Your

call!" No discussion after play can be permitted. "Cut, please!" you hear him say, and if you go on with your conversation for a moment he leans across and cuts the cards himself, then forces them into his partner's hand.

Next to him is a chap who promises to go to the pictures with you and then sits down to read the moment you are ready. He does not even glance up as you stand there waiting. "No violent hurry, is there?" he sighs. "Only that it comes on at 8.17," you say pathetically, and he says "Right-ho, then, get your coat on." You get it on and you stand in the hall looking through the doorway at him hopelessly, but he sits there just the same, not even noticing.

That is a fellow famous for looking round the tea-table to see what he is going to eat next before he has half-finished what he has got, and that one talks nothing but shop, which you would not mind so much if he would not invariably start by saying "Excuse me if I talk shop just for a moment..." Suggesting that he would never think of doing so at any other time.

You see that mess waiter? He always seems to be on duty when I come down to breakfast. He watches me take my seat, then stoops as though he expected me to speak, and when I don't (on purpose) he softly asks "Will you take breakfast, Sir?" Since

I should not be sitting there for any other purpose, I give him one look and he goes away and brings me porridge, which I have never taken in my life, followed by coffee, whereas I take tea. He then gives *my* bacon and fried bread to another officer, who patiently explains *he* has been waiting for a quarter of an hour for porridge.

There is one, worse waiter and he answers the telephone. He is mentally incapable of stating his identity or what place he is speaking from, and so this sort of conversation follows:—

"Hullo!" he says.

"Is that the Officers' Mess?" you ask.

After long silence you hear him speak just as before: "Hullo!"

"Well, who is that?" you say.

"Who do you want?" is the answer.

"Is that the Officers' Mess?"

"This is 5003."

"That is the Officers' Mess! Is Captain Thomas there?"

"This is the Officers' Mess."

"I say is Captain Thomas there?"

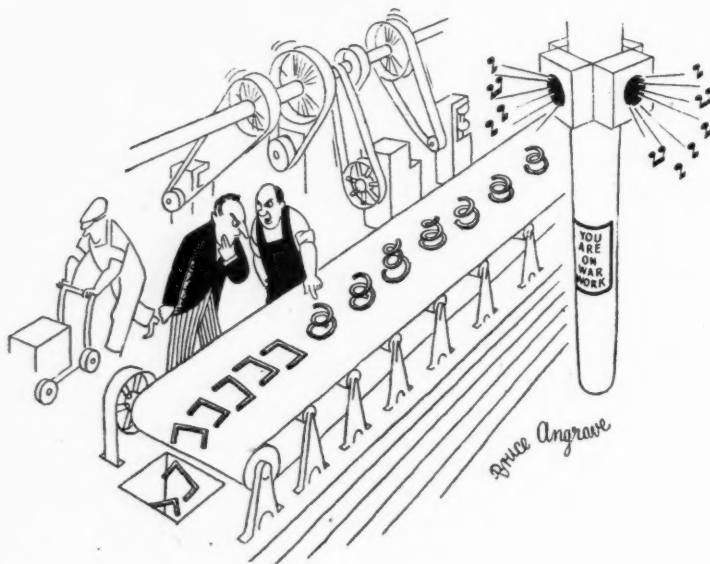
"Beg pardon?"

"Listen!" you shout—"this is Mr. Blankway!"

"Mr. Blankway?" says the man. "He isn't in."

There is a letter-rack in the hall. For two days there has been one letter in it and I keep thinking it is one for me. Every time I come into the hall I rush up and look, but it is always that same one. Why will the man it is addressed to *still not take it*? He is in the mess, I know, yet it has been there for two days. Everyone else can take his own letters. Why can't this man take one that is just like mine ought to be? I thought I would take it to him personally this afternoon, but he just put it down and thanked me, then forgot it; and when he had gone the barman, it seems, put it back in the rack again. This evening I came in shivering out of the rain and looked for that one grain of comfort, and was deceived by the same damned envelope again.

No. I am *not* browned off with this place. But I have just come back from leave; and what is the good of sitting in a place so exclusive that it excludes the only person in the world you want to sit with?



"That's where the music changed to waltz-time."

"LEAGUE PRO GOT £25 A MATCH"
Heading in "Sunday Graphic."

Black market?

At the Opera

"TALES OF HOFFMANN"

STAGE madness must always have method, pace and timing. Mr. GEORGE KIRSTA has described his new version of OFFENBACH's *Tales of Hoffmann* as a "fantastical opera-ballet" and the programme explains that his settings "are intended to convey a sense of unreality, as if seen through the eyes of HOFFMANN, a poet and a drunkard."

This is enough to whet the curiosity of any audience, for one is not often given a chance of an evening's vicarious existence as a poet and drunkard, without the trouble of being the one or the expense (and inconvenience) of being the other. What the programme did not mention, however, was that HOFFMANN was not only a poet with an affection for the bottle and for mixed company, but that he was also an efficient Civil Servant. Perhaps the programme made imaginations run riot among too-glorious anticipations of snakes and pink elephants behaving with a hitherto unknown degree of frenzy, but at least one member of the audience left the theatre feeling that she had been cheated of seeing the fevered phantasmagoria of a poet in the last stages of delirium tremens, and had but witnessed the mild hallucinations of a conscientious Civil Servant with softening of the brain. One of the more persistent of these was a chorus of "Aryan" cook-housekeepers (of the type immortalized by Mr. FRANK REYNOLDS) who appeared with shattering effect, accompanied by their husbands, wherever the luckless poet showed his head.

In order to add to the "fantastical" element of the production, new scenes and complications have been added to OFFENBACH's opera. OFFENBACH himself appears throughout as *Hoffmann's* evil genius, being substituted for the poet's rival *Lindorf* in the inn scene where *Hoffmann* is persuaded to recount his unhappy love-affairs; as *Coppelius* the Jew who, cheated of his money, destroys the doll with which *Hoffmann* had fallen in love, not knowing it was a machine; as *Dapertutto*, who steals men's shadows and causes the poet to kill *Schlemil* before showing him that *Giulietta*, the Venetian temptress (also garbed as a Hausfrau, apparently owing to German infiltration), has betrayed him; and as the evil *Dr. Miracle* who slays his love *Antonia*. Instead of the tragic and effective ending of the original opera, we then see *Hoffmann* translated to



"I wish our dear Fuehrer would use his intuition to find us a soap that lathers."

Mount Ida in the guise of a ballet-*Paris* giving the golden apple to a ballet-*Venus* and retiring behind a pink cardboard cloud with *La Belle Hélène*, low comedy being provided by a *Menelaus* with a red umbrella doing his best to emulate Mr. LUPINO LANE.

All these ingenious alterations and choreographic caperings have unfortunately defeated their own ends, for they make the opera move so slowly that the "fantastical" effect of the original is lessened; but if the general pace of the action is too slow the singers do full justice to the music, and no doubt the magic word "ballet" will

compensate for the other shortcomings in the eyes of its faithful public.

No Names—No Pack-Drill

"The Company Commander when making his reconnaissance will choose a suitable vintage point."—Extract from circularised Lecture-notes on Infantry Tactics.

"Pre-war reconstruction was the subject debated by members of the Cromer Rotary Club, at their weekly luncheon on Wednesday."—*Norfolk Paper*.

The good old days . . .



"I must not waste paper
I must not waste paper
I must not waste paper
I must not waste paper . . ."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Father Joseph

IN *Grey Eminence* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 15/-) ALDOUS HUXLEY, who has been studying mysticism for some years, goes back to the Thirty Years' War and one of its chief promoters for a theme which will enable him to express his thoughts on our present troubles and on their remedy, the practice of the mystical life. His subject is FRANÇOIS LECLERC DU TREMBLAY, known in history as Father Joseph, and nicknamed l'Eminence Grise to distinguish him from the Red Cardinal, RICHELIEU. From his childhood FRANÇOIS was haunted by the suffering of Christ on the Cross. The thought of it was strong enough to quench his first and last love, felt for a girl when he was in his early teens; and inspired by it he founded an Order of Calvarian nuns. As a member of the Capuchin Order he lived a severely ascetic life, mortifying his body with fasts and flagellations; but he had a natural gift for diplomacy, perfected by some years in the world, and gradually he was drawn into politics. Having persuaded himself that France was the chief instrument of God's will, he laboured, in collaboration with RICHELIEU, to make her the dominant power in Europe. In pursuit of this aim he used every available means, however corrupt, and brought such suffering upon his own country by his prolongation of the Thirty Years' War that at his death he was detested by the whole of France.

IN HUXLEY'S view Father Joseph was a man passionately concerned to know God, and with experience of at least the

preliminary states of mystical union. How then, he asks, solve the riddle that such a man should have worked wholeheartedly for a policy whose results in death, in misery and in moral degradation were plainly to be seen in every part of seventeenth-century Europe?

Like everything else, mysticism has its pedantic exponents, and pedantry, which is an attempt to substitute erudition for insight and a lifeless terminology for living words, is still HUXLEY'S greatest weakness. He gives us a sketch of mysticism from the Upanishads onwards, he makes a good deal of play with such terms as theocentricity and one-pointedness, and he brackets WORDSWORTH with WHITMAN and KIPLING as a preacher of the "false, ersatz mysticism" of the nineteenth century. But behind his magisterial manner, which was equally assured when he was advocating materialism ten years ago, there is not, so far as can be judged from this book, any personal experience to illumine his new view of life.

Mysticism is the intuition of a harmony which envelops but does not penetrate this life, and which can be apprehended here but not completely possessed. To grow to any height in a human being, it needs an open outward-turning nature, which seeks instinctively for union with other life. In natures which, like Father Joseph's, turn inwards, the soul feeds on its own isolation; and since to be isolated is to be unhappy, suffering is the permanent state of such a soul and the only element in which it is conscious of itself. To Father Joseph the agony on the Cross was both an image and, since he regarded it as the ultimate reality, a justification of his own pain. But the symbol of ultimate reality in the Christian religion is the reunion with God in the Resurrection, not the loneliness of Calvary. Father Joseph was not, as HUXLEY believes, a saint inexplicably entangled with a demon, but throughout his life a warped tormented soul with less experience of the divine than any ordinary person who has felt happy in the spring. The child who at the age of four narrated the story of the Passion to his father's guests, and the boy who repelled his first stirring of love with the image of Christ's feet nailed to the Cross, developed naturally into the man who had nothing but suffering to communicate to his fellow-creatures. Father Joseph, HUXLEY writes, had known heaven, and so could find some slight consolation for his public life in the hope that he might one day learn, with God's grace, to "annihilate" it. If, instead of pondering the impossible task of annihilating his past, he had been able to realize it, as the first step to transforming it, he could have extricated himself from the civil war of the will in which he was seeking, by fasts and flagellations, to appease his sense of guilt. But there was no road to Damascus in Father Joseph's life, nor any possibility of one.

The large public which accepts ALDOUS HUXLEY as a guide in intellectual and spiritual matters will not be enlightened by this book, and may blame the theme instead of its treatment. Having reached the threshold of a true view of life, ALDOUS HUXLEY could do more valuable work for the time being in narrating the stages of his journey than in dogmatizing about the unknown territory before him. Both for his own sake and for the sake of his readers, he should, in a phrase very familiar at present, withdraw to a shorter line and consolidate his position there. H. K.

Towards a German Revolution

Speaking to the Moscow Soviet last November, Premier STALIN remarked that only HITLER'S dupes failed to realize that the German rear was ready to fall on "HITLER'S adventurers." Yet an opposite school of thought over here denies that any Germans are fit to share in the work of



The Bantam. " 'AVE—YOU—GOT—YOUR—MEAT TICKET ? "

Longshanks. "WOT'S—MEAT TICKETS—GOT TO——"

Bantam. "YOU'LL—WANT IT—'FORE I'VE—DONE WIV YER—TO PUT ON YOUR EYE."

G. L. Stampa, March 20th, 1918

their own redemption. Mr. VICTOR GOLLANCZ adroitly suggests that the junkers, big industrialists and militarists—who, with the supine populations they exploit, are ultimately responsible for all wars—are using this hate campaign to sabotage a reconstructed world in which they themselves would be eliminated. He interposes a modest socialism which would control, by the people for the people, what is now controlled by cartels and trusts, yet would allow the utmost personal freedom. This hopeful doctrine is the backbone of *Shall Our Children Live or Die?* (GOLLANCZ, 2/6), a small but infinitely suggestive book which, despite the obvious prejudices of its school, is an enormous advance on the propaganda of its opposite number. After all, our own junkers and financiers built up HITLER—

Mr. GOLLANCZ's chapter on inter-war armaments is both instructive and grimly amusing—and the English people would probably get more fun for their money co-operating with a successful socialist Germany than putting up another show like the last.

H. P. E.

H. P. E.

In the Blood

The last Duke of QUEENSBERRY, "Old Q," did not take a serious interest in the ring till he was sixty. Then he found a trustworthy man to back in Gentleman JACKSON—he generally had the best of a bet—and won over £11,000 at Hornchurch, when JACKSON caught MENDOZA by his long black hair with one hand and pummeled him with the

other. Lord QUEENSBERRY's case is so far similar that till he was thirty-five he did not, in his own words, "know a bantam from a welter" and, though his grandfather had drawn up the Queensberry Rules, he thought he did not care. Awakening came when he was taken to see a fight at Madison Square Garden and introduced on a sudden to a crowd of 18,000 people. From this formative experience he emerged transfigured; heredity had only been dormant; he became like his forebears a patron of the noble art and helped to put the National Sporting Club on its legs again. Now he has interwoven the story of the ring from its earliest days with that of "Old Q" and his own father and grandfather—*The Sporting Queensberrys* (HUTCHINSON, 15/-). At one instant we see CRIBB beating MOLINEAUX or GULLY battering GREGSON, and at the next the eighth marquess and his eldest son indulging in what PIERCE EGAN would have called a "turn-up" in Piccadilly. Why he should have revived this unedifying story of disagreements in a tragic family it is hard to see. The most charitable view of his grandfather's letters here published is that he was not sane when he wrote them. There is no other interest whatever in these vitriolic compositions, and there is a proverb about dirty linen which seems apposite. The story of the great fights of history from BROUGHTON and SLACK to TUNNEY and DEMPSEY, even though most of it has been told before, is far more attractive, and Lord QUEENSBERRY's little piece of autobiography, as a Harrow boy and a young officer in the last war, is, as many people will think, preferable to either. B. D.

"Well Done, Orzel!"

The story of the escape of the Polish submarine *Orzel*—first from her own port of Gdynia and afterwards from treacherous internment at Tallin—has been bravely recounted in at least one collection of Polish exploits. But "*Orzel's*" *Patrol* (METHUEN, 5/-) resumes not only the enterprising gallantry that united Poland's cherished "*Eagle*" to the British Navy, but continues the story to within six months of her tragic "presumed lost." Sub-Lieutenant ERYK K. S. SOROCKO, who, with others of the *Orzel's* midshipmen, was promoted and appointed to another ship in April 1940, writes the book—and writes it admirably, with the linguistic co-operation of a brace

of English naval chaplains. Life in a submarine is not, he insists, monotonous. Submarine tactics are those of an ideal pirate; and there is a Robin Hood air about the proceedings, which are those of a band of devoted brothers-in-arms questing in search of the common enemies of mankind. When they find you, there are depth charges: "Admirers of music have a whole orchestra now," says the First Lieutenant. When you find *them*—well, here is the torpedoing of a Hamburg transport, told with a victor's natural exultation and a victor's equally natural horror at the result of his victory. H. P. E.

Brave New World

In *Shelter* (HARRAP, 7/6), Miss JANE NICHOLSON tells the story of the bad autumn blitzes and their effect on a handful of people who lived in the "pound-a-bomb" area and went on living there after the bombs whistled in Berkeley Square. There is no need for the publisher's assurance that this is a first-hand record: there is truth on every page—"Has it ever struck you there are certain words, certain phrases that have slipped right out of our vocabularies? 'Next year'—'The week after next'—'When the spring comes.' We've lost our horizons," and "What can a woman *really* do to be useful in the war? *Not give trouble.*" And (apropos of war-jobs), "It's no use standing on your dignity when nobody realizes you've got a dignity to stand on." The story tells of *Jos*, a member of the A.F.S., *Louise*, his competent and jobless wife, and his mistress, who is clinging, claustrophobic and inept. An air-raid demolishes a "specialist's" quarters and gives *Louise's* unborn child a chance of seeing life. More raids bring the two women together. The thread of the novel is broken constantly by verbal "news-reels." It seems that HITLER's bombs have begotten a first-class first novelist in Miss NICHOLSON. B. E. B.

This Week's Apology

"... there was much good-humoured shaff flying about leading up to a sort of anti-climax when the engagement was announced of Mr. — and Mrs. —." *Cheshire Paper.*

"... is a Scot, although he was born in Poona."—*Daily Paper.* Oddly enough, our Aberdeen was born in Skye.



NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.